

Uninterrupted

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by [killers_on_mondays \(orphan_account\)](#).

Notes

No clue what made me write this. The idea was there yesterday evening and bang, I've written over one thousand words for it today. (1255 words)

In her dreams she never had a gun.

Although she remembered clearly the weight of the rifle when that man invaded her home, there was none in her dreams. Instead she was cornered by the interloper with the eternal snarl, who had killed all of the dogs and then the two men she never wanted to be her fathers, before he lifted her up in one hand and slit her throat the way her dad hadn't quite managed. Not once had she escaped; the layout of the building always changed in the favour of her pursuer and wasn't this how it ought to have transpired?

However, when she was awake she knew it wasn't true and if she couldn't bring herself to recall it, a voice was without fail at the other end of the line to tell her what *really* happened.

She resisted the urge to call him.

It would be the easy way out after all and she was capable of fighting that battle; she had to every time Nicholas Boyle haunted her in her sleep, when she woke up in the middle of the night breathing hard and bedsheets soaked with sweat because no matter how long he had been rotting in the ground there was this chanting in her head.

They know. They know. They know and you have to pay for it.

Since Hannibal wouldn't appreciate her paranoia she refrained from reaching out to him and that left her with no one to soothe her anxiety.

But it hadn't been that nightmare which had startled her out of her slumber. No, it was like those beseeching her to tap into the kitchen with all lights off while hoping that the sound of the kettle wouldn't reach the other bedroom. (She often heard too much for her liking and she had no doubt that it was intended to go both ways.) Then Will would appear in the doorway, sometimes awkwardly asking her if she couldn't sleep either but every time posing the "Was it bad?", which meant "Do you manage?", and she'd nod straining to give him a brave smile. Perhaps that was all he needed to make the decision to approach her like she had seen him do with timid strays, make his intention clear and, only after she gave permission, hug her—too much like her dad and not enough at the same time.

She resisted the urge to call him.

At first.

Although she had the contact saved in her phone for emergencies, she chose to dial the number from memory usually, which led once to her accidentally calling someone else and pouring her heart out to some stranger in her frenzy. Not today though.

"Graham's speaking?" She checked the clock: 1.38 in the morning. Past midnight here but time zones were a thing and no way was it late enough for him to have gone to bed.

"Um, hi."

"Abigail?" She suppressed a chuckle; after all this time he still sounded slightly incredulous when he recognised who phoned him. Then she remembered why she did and became sober.

"I had a nightmare." Despite the routine she still whispered, was still reluctant to admit it. Will never questioned or berated her for it; it was another reason she preferred getting in touch with him.

He paused, maybe in order to get into her head space, and asked softly: "Was it something that could have happened?" Hannibal once told her that Will blamed himself, rather than Jack Crawford still goading him into work or the serial killer, for a good chunk of Abigail's trauma; she wondered why and got "It's his gift that attracts the darkness and he is still convinced our eyes have yet to adjust to it." in return. Sometimes the thought compelled her to lie, to not bring up that particular experience and while Will picked up on it anyway, he never called her out. He knew and he respected the decision; there were no games to win and if she was honest, as long as she never mentioned anything wrong she had done (being the lure, killing someone and burying his body) talking to Will was freeing because she had to pretend less by now.

"My ear—", She settled for an actual dream she had but never discussed before. "Melted off and a deer came to lick at the wound. I took it home, to a cabin, and we lived there for a while. Then—" There was likely a part missing in-between yet no matter how hard she tried to recall it, her brain glossed over it. "Another deer came to the house. It was skinned and it came with dogs-- Or maybe it was wolves?-- and the deer and I were torn to shreds." The tone of her voice dropped to indicate the end of her narration, the dream didn't stop there though; the furless deer had hovered over her and began to lick what must have been her corpse. Like an apology or an attempt at comfort she figured afterwards and before her dream self could ascertain the meaning of the gesture, she found herself in her bed staring into the darkness. In a sudden moment of uncertainty, she continued: "That's messed up, isn't it?"

A longer break followed, in which Will must be weighing his words (he was careful around her again, has been since he plunged the knife into the back of the man who had come to feed on the spillikins of their family). "I would like to tell you that it isn't, however, I'm not the best judge for that, am I?"

"I thought your husband would have rubbed off on you by now."

"Considering Hannibal married me, I'm not sure he qualifies as perspicacious nowadays either."

Abigail was certain he'd fit the definition for "astute" perfectly, notwithstanding, she agreed with Will. "By the way, I will visit you guys for Christmas."

The change of topic gave him a pause. "That's great," he admitted hesitantly. The next words came with more conviction: "The pack will be glad too. Especially Winston misses you; if we didn't lock the door, he'd probably stay in your room all day."

Much to Hannibal's chagrin surely. "Maybe I should try to smuggle him into the dorm then." Not that she should, regardless of the campus policy on pets it would be dangerous to bring

something of that other life into this one. She hadn't taken up that part-time job for nothing, which reminded her...

"Uh, Will? Could we eat fish on Christmas Eve?"

Another break. "Sure, if you want to I can try to catch some for us."

"And can I have something vegetarian for the other days?" It was a bigger leap so she added quickly: "I have thought about resolutions for the new year and before I vow to do anything I'd like to see how I fare first."

"Yeah, that sounds reasonable. I promise you the fish and hope Hannibal doesn't throw a fit about the rest." His tone gave away how he'd loathe for that to happen. "The worst case scenario would be that I cook after all."

Abigail went along with the joke. "Will he really let either of us in the kitchen without his guidance?"

"Probably not so let's hope for the best outcome."

"Yes." The lightness started to settle in her chest. "Thank you. Hear from you soon then?"

"Of course."

"Bye."

"Goodbye, Abigail." Just as she was about to hang up he added: "Sleep well."

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